

GANG BUSTERS

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 24



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68 PAGES
IN FULL COLOR

GANG BUSTERS

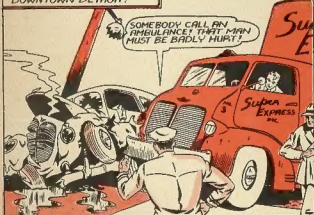
BASED ON
PHILLIP H. LORD'S
FAMOUS RADIO
FEATURE...

THE STORY OF "DODGER" WILLIS, THE ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE, IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF HOW SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION WEAVES AN ENTANGLING NET THAT HAULS IN ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S COLD BLOODED MURDERERS....



COPR., 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

AT A BUSY INTERSECTION IN
DOWNTOWN DETROIT!



WE'LL HAVE TO GET THIS MAN
TO THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY
...YOU CAN CHECK HIS
IDENTITY THERE!



ROUTINE POLICE CHECK-UP DISCLOSES
THAT THE VICTIM JAMES WILLIS, KNOWN
AS THE "DODGER," IS WANTED FOR
MURDER IN EL PASO, TEXAS!



IN EL PASO, FOUR MONTHS LATER,
WILLIS IS SENTENCED TO THIRTY
YEARS AND IS PUT TO WORK ON
THE STATE ROAD!



OKAY, DODGER, I'LL BE
THERE AT SEVEN SHARP
TOMORROW MORNING!



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GANG BUSTERS

THE NEXT MORNING, WILLIS, AIDED BY DUFFY, PUTS HIS PLAN INTO SUCCESSFUL ACTION!



I DON'T LIKE YOUR TASTE IN CLOTHES, DUFFY... BUT IT SURE CAME IN HANDY AFTER THE BREAK!

OH, YOU MEAN THE SUIT? WELL, AFTER WE TURN OFF THIS JOINT TONIGHT, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH TO BUY CLOTHES!



AFTER DRINKING ALL EVENING...

GET 'EM UP STUPID! AND DON'T SQUAWK! GET ME?

OKAY... LET'S GO!



WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR MEXICO... RIGHT STRAIGHT ACROSS THE DESERT!

THAT'S WHAT! WAS GONNA SAY!



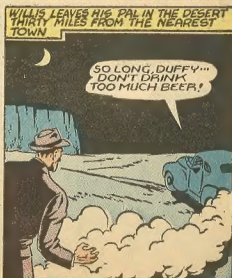
TRUE TO HIS COLORS... WILLIS TURNS ON DUFFY...

THIS IS WHERE YOU LEAVE, DUFFY!! 'G'WAN... GET OUT!



WILLIS LEAVES HIS PAL IN THE DESERT THIRTY MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN

SO LONG, DUFFY... DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH BEER!



GANG BUSTERS

WILLIS HEADED INTO MEXICO THEN TURNED NORTH AT THE BORDER AND CROSSED INTO ARIZONA GOING THROUGH THE TOWN OF BISBEE....



AS THE MURDERER'S CAR SPED AWAY, THE DYING GAS STATION ATTENDANT SCRAWLED THE LICENSE NUMBER ON THE SIDE OF THE GAS PUMP--!!



--A TOURIST CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BISBEE--



THIS SUIT AIN'T SO HOT, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN THIS BAG DUFFY LOANED ME, BY THE WAY--I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SAP!



BACK IN MIDLAND CITY CHIEF WINSTON FOLLOWS THE LATEST NEWS OF THE BRUTAL MURDER AND THE DARING ROAD GANG ESCAPE, A CRIME THAT MADE NEWS-PAPER HEADLINES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



GANG BUSTERS

QUICKLY, CHIEF WINSTON ASSEMBLED THE FACTS AND WITH THE AID OF FBI AGENT GATES, SOON PICKED WILLIS'S TRAIL AT BISBEE...

THIS LICENSE PLATE NUMBER WAS ISSUED TO A HENRY DUFFY BUT THE POLICE HAVE NO RECORD OF HIM—HOWEVER, HE UNDOUBTEDLY IS THE MAN WHO HELPED WILLIS TO ESCAPE!



THE GROUND FROM HERE BACK TO EL PASO MUST BE THOROUGHLY COVERED—THIS MAN DUFFY MIGHT BE A VALUABLE PIECE OF EVIDENCE IF WE CAN FIND HIM!!

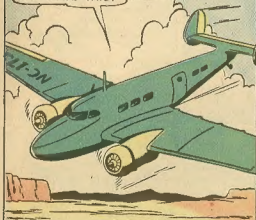
MY CAR IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, CHIEF...



THANKS, BUT I'M USING A PLANE, SHERIFF. WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME!



WE HAVEN'T SEEN A LIVING THING FOR TWENTY MILES! NO ONE COULD LIVE LONG IN A DRY WASTE LIKE THIS!



GATES—TELL THE PILOT TO LAND! I SEE A MAN STUMBLING ALONG DOWN THERE!



THE PLANE LANDS ON THE CACTUS STREWN WASTE—!



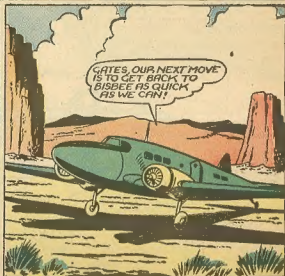
WE HELD UP A SALOON... THEN HEADED FOR MEXICO— BEFORE WE HIT THE BORDER—WILLIS DITCHED ME...T-TWO DAYS—

HE'S PASSING OUT, CHIEF!

... LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT ...



GATES, OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO GET BACK TO BISBEE AS QUICK AS WE CAN!



GANG BUSTERS

WILLIS, GETTING READY TO LEAVE THE TOURIST CABIN, CALLS IN THE OWNER...

THE RADIO IN MY CAR IS OUT OF ORDER—ANY NEWS OF THE ESCAPED CONVICT LATELY?

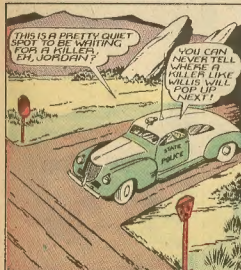
YES, THE POLICE JUST PICKED UP HIS PAIR WAYS BACK IN THE DESERT. THEY HAVE ALL THE ROADS BLOCKED—HE WON'T GET FAR!



DUFFY STILL ALIVE...! I THOUGHT TWO DAYS IN THE DESERT WOULD KILL THAT PUNK!



IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIS HEADS FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER, SEEKING THE SAFETY OF THE BACK ROADS. HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE MAIN HIGHWAY WHEN...



THIS IS A PRETTY QUIET SPOT TO BE WAITING FOR A KILLER, EH, JORDAN?

YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHERE A KILLER LIKE WILLIS WILL POP UP NEXT!

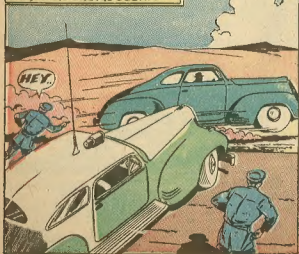


COPPERS? WELL, THEY'LL HAFTA CATCH ME!

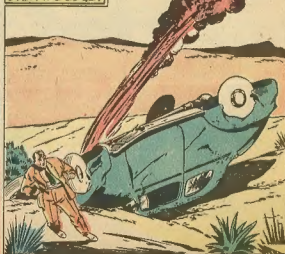


HERE COMES A CAR NOW... LET'S CHECK IT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE!

SWERVING AROUND THE POLICE CAR, WILLIS SWINGS CLEAR...



BUT CRASHES OVER THE EDGE!



GANG BUSTERS

CAR 47 CALLING—MAN BELIEVED TO BE WILLIS PASSED HERE—CAR IS WRECKED AND BLAZING ON STATE HIGHWAY 23—WILL REPORT LATER!



HE RAN IN THIS DIRECTION—

HE'S GOT NINE LIVES AND HE'LL NEED 'EM ALL!



COME AN' GET ME—COPPERS!

DROP YOUR GUN, WILLIS! AND COME OUT!

CHIEF WINSTON ARRIVES AT ROUTE 23—

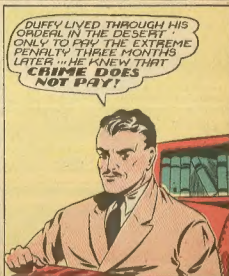


TAKE NO CHANCES—TREAT HIM ROUGH—HE'S A MAD KILLER!



I'LL MAKE THOSE FLATFEET KNOW THEY'VE MET JIM WILLIS!

WILLIS IS STOPPED—THE ONLY WAY HE WANTED TO BE STOPPED!



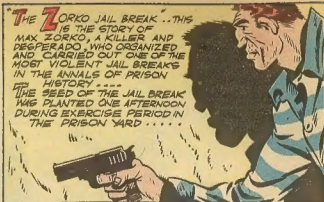
DUFFY LIVED THROUGH HIS ORdeal IN THE DESERT ONLY TO PAY THE EXTREME PENALTY THREE MONTHS LATER—HE KNEW THAT **CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

GANG BUSTERS

COPY, 1941, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.



BASED ON
PHILLIPS
H. LORD'S
FAMOUS
RADIO
FEATURE



THE ZORKO JAIL BREAK...THIS IS THE STORY OF MAX ZORKO, A KILLER AND DESPERADO, WHO ORGANIZED AND CARRIED OUT ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT JAIL BREAKS IN THE HISTORY OF PRISON.

THE SEED OF THE JAIL BREAK WAS PLANTED ONE AFTERNOON DURING EXERCISE PERIOD IN THE PRISON YARD....



WHEN DO YOU PLAN DIS ESCAPE, ZORKO?

I GOT FRIENDS ON DE OUTSIDE WHOLL GET GATS IN TO US WHEN I GIVE DEM DE WORD...WE GOTTA GET A COUPLE MORE GUYS TO JOIN UP FIRST!



I GOT A COUPLE GUYS SPOTTED HERE WHOLL JOIN UP....WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT FRIDAY OF NEXT WEEK!

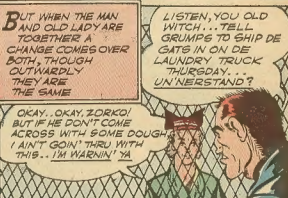
GET A MOVE ON! HERE COMES A BULL..... I'LL TALK WIT YA TOMORROW AGAIN!



HERE'S YOUR OLD LADY, ZORKO!

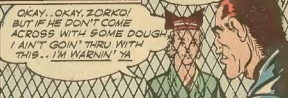
MAX!...MAX MY BOY..... COME HERE!

AH, MOM... NOT SO LOUD!



BUT WHEN THE MAN AND OLD LADY ARE TOGETHER A CHANGE COMES OVER BOTH, THOUGH OUTWARDLY THEY ARE THE SAME

LISTEN, YOU OLD WITCH...TELL GRUMPS TO SHIP DE GATS IN ON DE LAUNDRY TRUCK THURSDAY... UN'NERSTAND?



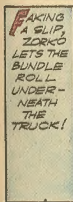
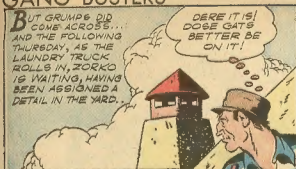
OKAY...OKAY, ZORKO! BUT IF HE DON'T COME ACROSS WITH SOME DOUGH, I AIN'T GOIN' THRU WITH THIS... I'M WARNIN' YA



IF YOU DON'T DO LIKE I SAY, I SWEAR WHEN I GET OUTA HERE I'LL....I'LL...

SMILE, YA BIG DOPE, OR THE BULLS'LL GET WISE! I AIN'T STILL SAY YOU CAN ROT IN HERE IF GRUMPS DON'T COME ACROSS!

GANG BUSTERS



THE GUNS, CONCEALED INSIDE HIS SHIRT, AND COVERED BY THE LAUNDRY DO NOT AROUSE THE SUSPICION OF THE GUARDS!



GANG BUSTERS



RICHU! FOLLOW ME!
WE'RE LAMMIN'
NOW!

GREAT! LACKEY'S
DOWN THE HALL
POLISHIN' DOOR
KNOBS!

THE GUNS ARE
PASSED OUT
AND ZORKO
GIVES HIS
ORDERS..

I GOT DESE GATS TO USE!
WE GOTTA BLAST OUR WAY
TO THE ARSENAL AND GET
MORE AMMUNITION
AN' MACHINE GUNS!

DON'T
WORRY
ZORKO
WE'LL
MOP UP
DEM
RATTIN'
BULLS!

SPILLING THE
BLOOD OF
GUARDS AND
PRISONERS
ALIKE ZORKO
AND HIS GANG
BLAST THEIR WAY
TO THE ARSENAL,
LOAD THEMSELVES
WITH AMMU-
NITION AND
MACHINE GUNS
AND CHARGE
THE
PRISON
GATE....

BLAST DEM OUTA
DEIR PERCH! WE
GOTTA GET UP
DERE, AN' FAST!

DERE AIN'T A COP
LIVIN' WHO CAN TRIG-
GER A TOMMY-GUN LIKE
ME! I'LL WIPE 'EM OUT!



COVERED BY
WEASEL'S
DEADLY MACHINE-
GUN FIRE, THE
GANG SPEED
ACROSS THE
YARD AND RUSH
THE TOWER!

DERE'S A
COUPLE OF
GUARDS! GET
DEM!!

OH!! TURNIN'
YELLA' ON US!
WELL, DIS'LL
FIX YA!!

NO! DON'T,
ZORKO! OW!!
YOU.. YOU..
KILLED
ME!

NOW, AIN'T DAT
SMART? HE
FIGURED DAT
OUT ALL BY
HIMSELF! HA
HA.. HA!



DON'T KILL
THEM, WEASEL,
PLEASE!! I CAN'T
STAND
ANY MORE
BLOODSHED!

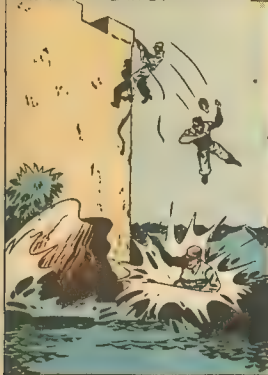
THAT TAKES
CARE OF DE
GUARDS,
ZORKO!

GOOD! WE FOUND
A ROPE TO LET US
DOWN INTO THE
RIVER!

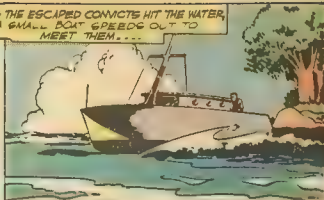


GANG BUSTERS

HEARING THE SOUND OF GUARDS' FEET ABOVE, THE DESPERADOES JUMP INTO THE WATER.

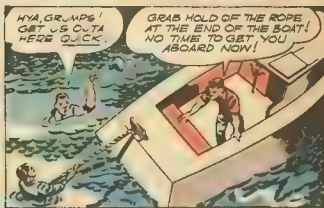


AS THE ESCAPED CONVICTS HIT THE WATER, A SMALL BOAT SPEEDS OUT TO MEET THEM....

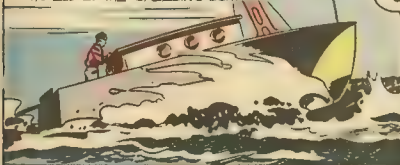


HYA, GRUMPS! GET US OUTA HERE QUICK.

GRAB HOLD OF THE ROPE AT THE END OF THE BOAT! NO TIME TO GET YOU ABOARD NOW!



MACHINE-GUN BULLETS PEPPERING THE WATER ALL ABOUT THEM, THEY CLING TO THE ROPE TRAILED BY THE SPEEDING BOAT....



HEY!...GET US... GLUB... OUTA... GLUB HERE...!!

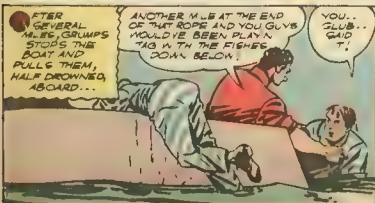
WE'RE DROWNIN'!



AFTER SEVERAL MINS, GRUMPS STOPS THE BOAT AND PULLS THEM, HALF DROWNED, ABOARD...

ANOTHER MILE AT THE END OF THAT ROPE AND YOU GUYS WOULD'VE BEEN PLAYIN' TAG WITH THE FISHES DOWN BELOW.

YOU... GLUB... SAID T!



NOW DAT I'M OUT... I'M GONNA KILL EVERY COP I SEE!! FROM NOW ON WE'RE GONNA ROB BANKS AN' KILL COPS!



GANG BUSTERS

BRING UP TO US
TREAT, ZORKO
LEADS HIS GANG
A BLOODY TRAIL
ACROSS THE
COUNTRY,
STRIKING
SUDDENLY
WITH COLD
RUTHLESS
SPEED,
LEAVING DEATH
IN THEIR
WAKE!



FIRST - A BANK IN ALBANY, N.Y.
DEATH TOLL - ONE
BANK GUARD



NEXT A POST-OFFICE
IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
DEATH TOLL -
TWO POSTAL GUARDS
ONE POLICEMAN...

KILL DOSE COPS.
DON'T LET ONE OF
'EM GET AWAY!

A COUNTRY FAIR
AT DES MOINES, IOWA
DEATH TOLL - ONE POLICEMAN
EIGHT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!



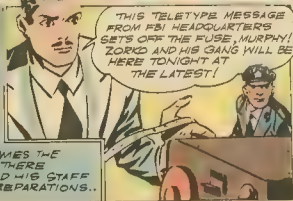
SPRAY 'EM WITH
LEAD, HESSEL!
WHY JUST KILL
COPS? HA HA!

BUT ZORKO
DOESN'T KNOW
THAT THE POLICE
ARE CLOSING IN;
THAT A NATIONAL
DRAGNET HAS BEEN
ORGANIZED THAT
ALL THE FACILITIES
OF POLICE SCIENCE
ARE BEING USED BY
THE FB AND LOCAL
POLICE...

THIS TELETYPE MESSAGE
FROM FBI HEADQUARTERS
SETS OFF THE FUSE, MURPHY!
ZORKO AND HIS GANG WILL BE
HERE TONIGHT AT
THE LATEST!

HEADQUARTERS
3:00PM OFFICIAL
MIDLAND CITY
ZORKO...NEWSPAPERS
RADIO ANNOUNCE EVERY
TOWN READY FOR ZORKO
BUT NO MENTION MADE
OF MIDLAND CITY...
THEREFORE GANG WILL
UNDOUBTEDLY HEAD
THERE...END.
FBI HEADQUARTERS

MIDLAND CITY BECOMES THE
FOCAL POINT AND THERE
CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS STAFF
MAKE CAREFUL PREPARATIONS...

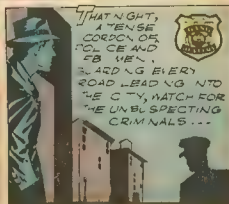


THAT'S SMART POLICE
WORK, CHIEF! WE DECOY
'EM INTO MIDLAND CITY
BY MAKING 'EM THINK WE
DON'T EXPECT 'EM...BOY
WILL THEY BE
SURPRISED!

THOSE RATS ARE
GOING TO PAY A
THOUSAND TIMES
FOR EVERY PERSON
THEY KILLED!
COME ON!



THAT NIGHT,
A TENSE
CORDON OF
POLICE AND
FB MEN
BLOCKED EVERY
ROAD LEADING INTO
THE CITY, WATCH FOR
THE UNSUSPECTING
CRIMINALS...



GANG BUSTERS

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY, CHIEF WINSTON AND MURPHY STOP ON THE BOUNDS OF INSPECTION TO TALK FOR A MOMENT..

LOOK! THAT'S THE CAR DRIVING AWAY!

BEFORE A BODY RECOGNIZES THE CAR FROM THE PICTURE.

THIS IS THE CAR! LET'S GO!

COME OUT OF THAT CAR WITH YOUR HANDS UP, YOU RATS OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OFF THE STREET!

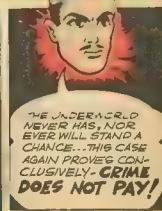
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, COPPER!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS, WITH GUN BLAZING, MARCHES A DETERMINED BAND OF LAW- MEN..



REALIZING THEIR NUMBER IS UP, THE CROOKS TRY TO CHARGE THROUGH THE BARRAGE OF BULLETS, LEAVING THEM PRAG TO DIE IN THE CAR!



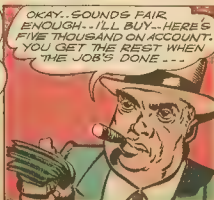
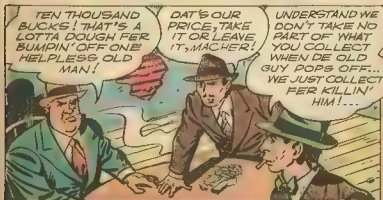
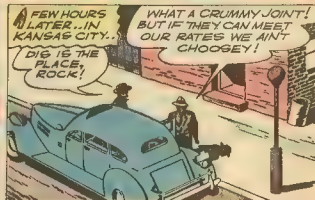
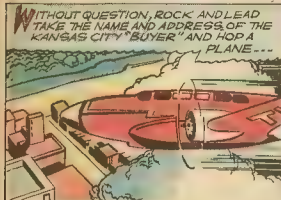
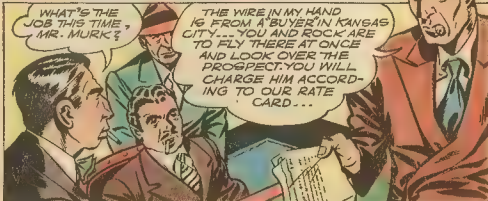
THE UNDERWORLD NEVER HAS, NOR EVER WILL STAND A CHANCE...THIS CASE AGAIN PROVES CONCLUSIVELY - CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Crime and BUSTERS

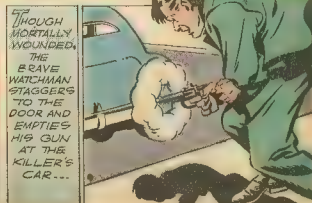
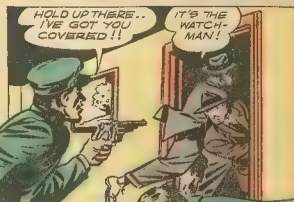
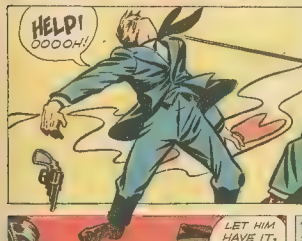
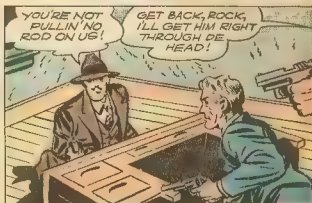
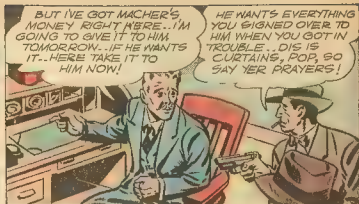
BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS
... RADIO FEATURE ...

"CRIME CULT" AN EFFICIENT
BUSINESS ORGANIZATION WHICH
TRADED IN CRIME! HEADED BY A
CRUEL, CALCULATING, BRILLIANT
DESPOT, AUGUSTE MURK, THE
GANG AND LEADER
LEARNED THAT THE
DIVIDEND IN THEIR
BUSINESS WAS
DEATH!!

CRIME CULT PROSPERED
FOR A TIME...
CLOAKING
IT'S TRUE
PURPOSE
BEHIND THAT
OF AN OUT-
OF TOWN
BUYING
OFFICE,
IT OPERATED
OUT OF
SUMPTUOUS
OFFICES IN
NEW YORK CITY



GANG BUSTERS



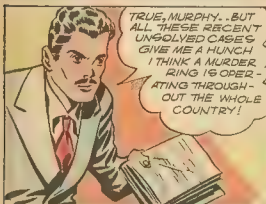
GANG BUSTERS

"THE CRIME CULT'S MOTTO WAS 'MURDER AT RETAIL PRICES ANYWHERE'... BECAUSE THE MURDERERS WERE UNKNOWN, THE STRANGE TOWNS THEY PREYED UPON, THEY INVARIABLY MADE CLEAN, UNTRACEABLE GETAWAYS... FROM COAST-TO-COAST HORRIBLE, UNSOLVED MURDERS LAY DORMANT ON THE BOOKS AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATIONS...

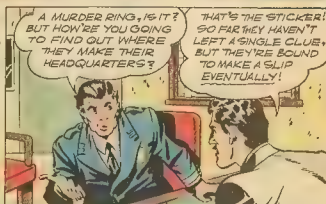
IN CHIEF WINGTON'S OWN TOWN, MIDLAND CITY, SEVERAL UNSOLVED CRIMES WORRIED THE CONSCIENTIOUS CHIEF OF POLICE.....

MURPHY, I'VE BEEN COMPARING THE UNSOLVED CRIMES IN OUR CITY WITH THOSE IN OTHER CITIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY...

SO WHAT, CHIEF? EVERY CITY HAS UNSOLVED MURDERS!



TRUE, MURPHY... BUT ALL THESE RECENT UNSOLVED CASES GIVE ME A HUNCH I THINK A MURDER RING IS OPERATING THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY!



A MURDER RING, IS IT? BUT HOW'RE YOU GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY MAKE THEIR HEADQUARTERS?

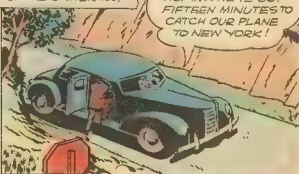
THAT'S THE STICKER! SO FAR THEY HAVEN'T LEFT A SINGLE CLUE, BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO MAKE A SLIP EVENTUALLY!

BUT "CRIME CULT" CONTINUED TO OPERATE EFFICIENTLY... A CAR WITH A DEAD MAN IN IT GOES OVER A CLIFF OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD AS THE DRIVER JUMPS CLEAR...



ANOTHER CAR PICKS UP THE DRIVER...

NICE WORK, ROCK! HOP IN... WE'VE GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES TO CATCH OUR PLANE TO NEW YORK!



BUT ABOVE THEM A BOY SCOUT, HIDDEN BY THE SHRUBBERY HAS SEEN THE CRIME AND RECORDS THE MURDERER'S FACE ON THE FILM....



GANG BUSTERS

LATER, AFTER DEVELOPING THE PICTURE THE SCOUT, ROY BRANDT, RUSHES INTO THE POLICE STATION WITH HIS VALUABLE EVIDENCE

A MAN WAS KILLED ON WEST HIGHWAY IN THE HILLS! HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE KILLER!!

HOW DO YOU KNOW AND WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PICTURE? LET ME SEE IT!

QUICKLY, ROY BRANDT TELLS HIS STORY... HE LEADS THE POLICE TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME..

YOU'RE RIGHT, ROY! AND YOU'RE SURE THEY SAID THEY WERE TO CATCH A PLANE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES?

YES SIR! IT WAS EXACTLY 4:20 THEN!

ROY'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KILLER IS SOON WIRED OVER THE PRIVATE POLICE LINES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.. NEW YORK POLICE PREPARE TO COVER THE AIRPORT, AND IN MIDLAND CITY CHIEF WINSTON ALSO GETS THE PHOTO...



IT'S ROCK BENSON! HE ESCAPED FROM OUR STATE PEN THREE YEARS AGO!

RIGHT! AND THE PLANE HE'S ON LANDS AT MIDLAND AIRPORT TO REFUEL IN AN HOUR! WE'RE TAKING THAT PLANE TO NEW YORK WITH THEM!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER THEY BOARD THE PLANE AND PURPOSELY WALK BY THE KILLERS WITHOUT RECOGNITION...

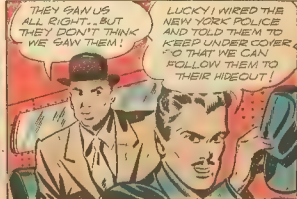


DAT WAS CHIEF WINSTON DAT JUST GOT ON! LUCKY HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US!

HUH! NO WONDER HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US! WE DON'T LOOK LIKE DE CHEAP CROOKS HE SENT AWAY FOUR YEARS AGO!

THEY GAN US ALL RIGHT... BUT THEY DON'T THINK WE SAW THEM!

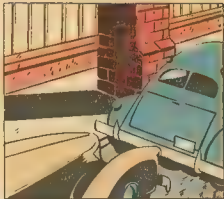
LUCKY I WIRED THE NEW YORK POLICE AND TOLD THEM TO KEEP UNDER COVER SO THAT WE CAN FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT!



GANG BUSTERS



KEEPING THE CAB IN CONSTANT SIGHT, THE DISGUISED POLICE CAR FOLLOWS IT ACROSS THE BRIDGE INTO MANHATTAN

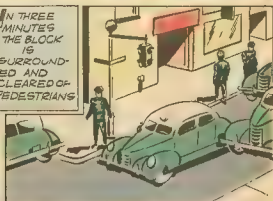


DEEP IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN'S BUSINESS CENTER THE TAXI STOPS IN FRONT OF A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING--

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT OFFICE BUILDING!

I'LL INSTRUCT ALL POLICE CARS IN THE VICINITY TO CLOSE IN AND SURROUND IT!

IN THREE MINUTES THE BLOCK IS SURROUNDED AND CLEARED OF PEDESTRIANS



THE AREA TIGHTLY GUARDED, CHIEF WINSTON LEADS THE LITTLE BAND INTO THE BUILDING--

AT LAST WE'VE FOUND THE MURDER RING'S HEADQUARTERS!

THE MAN IN THIS PICTURE JUST CAME IN HERE WITH ANOTHER MAN ---WHERE IS THEIR OFFICE?

THAT'S MR. BENSON, SUITE 1011--HE AND MR. MALONE WORK FOR AUGUSTE MURK!



QUICKLY THEY REACH THE TENTH FLOOR--

THIS IS IT, BOYS! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES--THEY'RE ALL KILLERS!

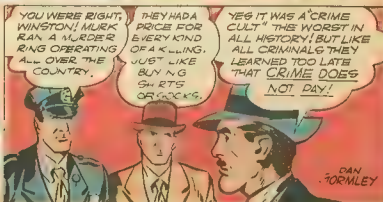
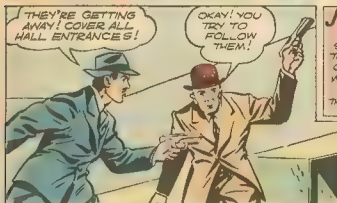
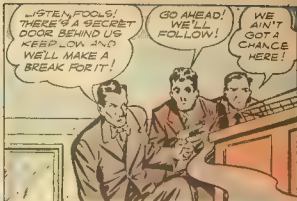
UP WITH YOUR HANDS! ALL OF YOU!

WINSTON!

YOU DUMB FOOLS! YOU SAID HE DIDN'T SEE YOU!



GANG BUSTERS



Band BUSTERS

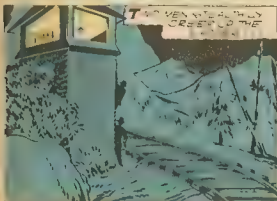
"THE HIGGINS GANG"

FIVE MEN, LED BY ACE HIGGINS
WHO TOOK LIFE THE EASY WAY..
RACKETS AND ROBBERY
WERE THEIR LIVELIHOOD..

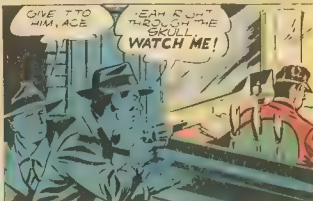
COCKY AND SURE OF
THEMSELVES UNTIL
THE LAW STALKED
THEIR TRAIL.. THEY
SHOWED THEIR TRUE
SELVES IN DEATH
FOR THE COWARDS THEY WERE
IN REAL LIFE...

BASED ON PHILIP H. HERR'S FAMOUS
RADIO FEATURE

IT IS MIDNIGHT, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS
AT A LONELY RAILROAD SIGNAL TOWER..



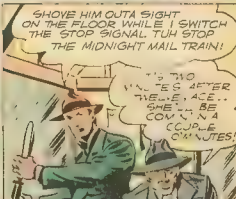
TWO MEN RATHER HEAVILY
DRESSED UP THE



GIVE IT TO
HIM, ACE

HE'LL RUN
THROUGH THE
SKULL.
WATCH ME!

WITHOUT A
WORD OF
WARN'G TO THE
COWARDLY
CROOK
THROUGH THE
OPERATOR
& THE
BACK OF HIS
HEAD,
KILLING HIM
INSTANTLY!



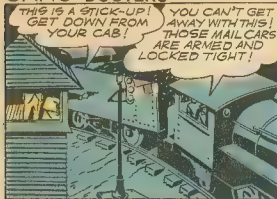
SHOVE HIM OUTA SIGHT
ON THE FLOOR WHILE I SWITCH
THE STOP SIGNAL TUN STOP
THE MIDNIGHT MAIL TRAIN!

IT'S TWO
MINUTES AFTER
TWELVE, ACE..
SHE'LL BE
COM'G IN A
COUPLE
O' MINUTES!

A SHORT TIME
LATER, THE
MIDNIGHT
TRAIN
PULLS UP THE
STEEP GRADE
AND ROUNDS THE
BEND... THE
ENGINEER
SEES THE STOP
SIGNAL AND
JAMS ON THE
BRAKES...



GANG BUSTERS



THIS IS A STICK-UP!
GET DOWN FROM
YOUR CAB!

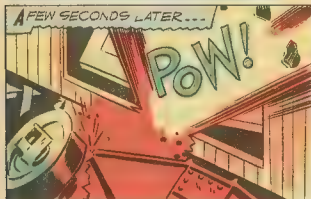
YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
THOSE MAIL CARS
ARE ARMED AND
LOCKED TIGHT!

BUT ACE
BHIGGINS WAS
PREPARED FOR
THIS...EVEN
AS THE
ENGINEER
WARNED HIM,
THE REST OF
THE GANG
WAS SETTING
OFF A HUGE
CHARGE OF
TNT UNDER-
NEATH A
MAIL
CAR!



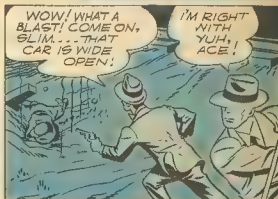
OKAY, YOU
MUGGS! SHE'S
LIT! SCRAM!

I DON'T
NEED
URGIN'
WITH THE
HOLE THAT'S
GONNA
MAKE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

POW!



WOW! WHAT A
BLAST! COME ON,
SLIM... THAT
CAR IS WIDE
OPEN!

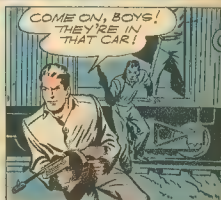
I'M RIGHT
WITH
YUH,
ACE!



HERE ARE THE
REGISTERED
MAIL BAGS!

AND HERE'S THE
GOLD SHIPMENT
YOU TOLD US
ABOUT, ACE!

WHILE THE
GANG
RAIDS THE
BLASTED
CAR,
ARMED
MAIL
CLERKS
AND
GUARDS
FROM THE
OTHER CARS
PREPARE
TO
ATTACK!

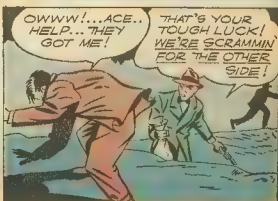


COME ON, BOYS!
THEY'RE IN
THAT CAR!



HEY! THEY'RE
COMING
AFTER US!

LET THEM
HAVE IT!

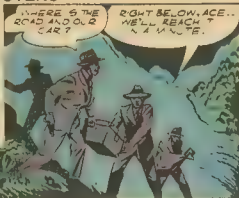


OWWW!...ACE..
HELP... THEY
GOT ME!

THAT'S YOUR
TOUGH LUCK!
WE'RE SCRAMMIN'
FOR THE OTHER
SIDE!

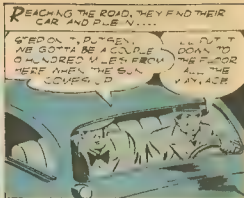
GANG BUSTERS

LEAVING THE DEAD
FALL BEHIND,
THEY FLEE
DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN
AS THE
CLERK'S
PUMP LEAD AT
THEIR HEELS IN THE
HAZY
DARK....



WHERE'S THE
ROAD AND OUR
CAR?

RIGHT BELOW, ACE...
WE'LL REACH IT
IN A MINUTE.



STEDON T. PUTTEN,
WE GOTTA BE A COUPLE
OF HUNDRED YARDS FROM
HERE WHEN THE SUN
COMES UP.

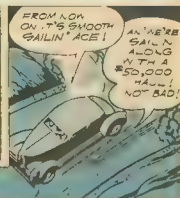
LET IT
DOWN TO
THE FLOOR
ALL THE
WAY, ACE.

THOUGH ACE
AND SLIM
PULLED OUT
THE
TELEGRAPH
WHEELS, A MAIL
CLERK
WAS ABLE TO
QUICKLY FIX
THEM AND
SEND OUT A
WARNING
MESSAGE...



BY THE TIME THEY REACH
THE HIGHWAY, THEY'LL HAVE
A POLICE RECEPTION
WAITING FOR THEM!

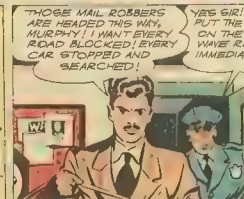
BUT
TRAVELLING
AT A
TERRIFIC
SPEED,
THE GANG
CAR SLU-
INTO THE
HIGHWAY
LONG
BEFORE THE
POLICE
ARRIVED...



FROM NOW
ON, IT'S SMOOTH
SAILIN', ACE!

AND WE'RE
SAILIN' ALONG
WITH A
\$50,000
HAUL!
NOT BAD!

BUT IN THE
OFFICE OF
CHIEF
WILKINSON
OF MIDLAND
CITY, THE
FIRST LARGE
CITY THROUGH
WHICH THE
HIGHWAY PASSES,
A TELETYPE
COMES IN FROM
THE POSTAL
AUTHORITIES...



THOSE MAIL ROBBERS
ARE HEADED THIS WAY,
MURPHY! I WANT EVERY
ROAD BLOCKED! EVERY
CAR STOPPED AND
SEARCHED!

YES GIRL! I'LL
PUT THE ORDER
ON THE SHORT
WAVE RADIO
IMMEDIATELY!

ALL HIGHWAYS
ARE BLOCKED,
CHIEF... WHERE
TO NOW?

OUT TO THE
MAIN
HIGHWAY
TO WAIT
FOR THOSE
CROOKS.

WHAT ARE
THE DETAILS
OF THE
ROBBERY,
CHIEF?

TEN MEN KILLED AND
\$50,000 IN GOLD AND
REGISTERED MAIL STOLEN!
THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN,
MURPHY AND THEY'LL
BLAST THEIR WAY THROUGH
OUR BLOCKADE

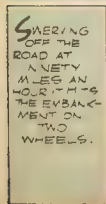
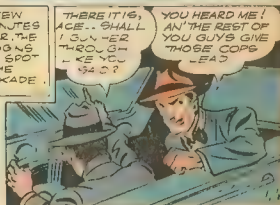
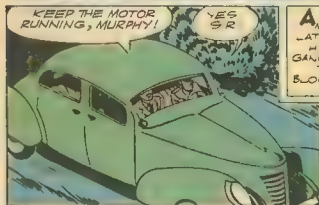
ALMOST
AT THE
SAME
MOMENT
ACE HIGGINS
SPEAKS
TO HIS
MEN...

WE'RE NEARING MIDLAND CITY...
WORD MAY HAVE COME THROUGH
AND A ROAD BLOCKADE MAY BE
UP... WE'RE GOING THROUGH...
GUNS BLASTIN'
UNDERSTAND?

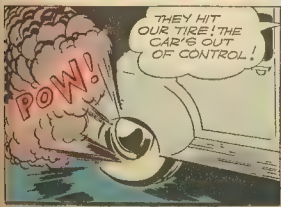
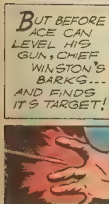
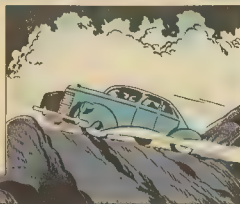
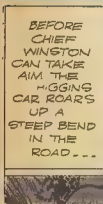
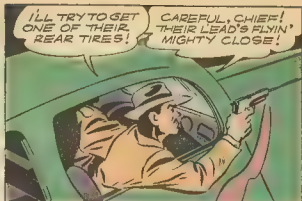
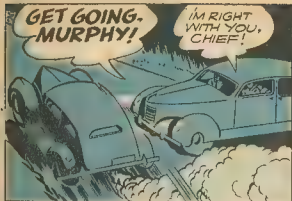
ANYTHING
YOU SAY,
ACE.



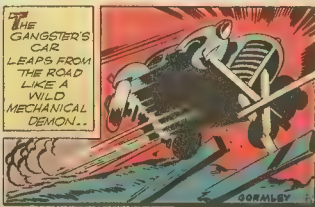
GANG BUSTERS



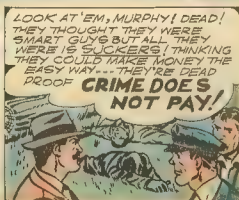
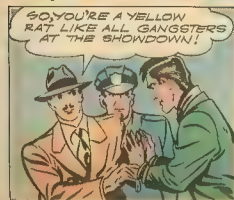
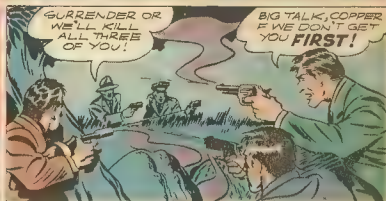
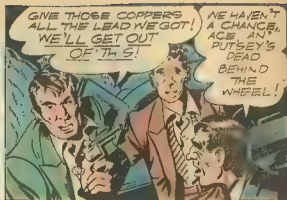
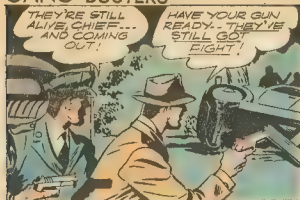
GANG BUSTERS



THE GANGSTER'S CAR LEAPS FROM THE ROAD LIKE A WILD MECHANICAL DEMON...



GANG BUSTERS



Gang BUSTERS

THE "JOHN DOE" GANG... LEAD BY

FOUR 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

JOHNNIE CHEK, WHO GAMBLER WITH
A SYSTEM TO BEAT THE LAW AND
WHOSE GANG TERRORIZED ONE OF
AMERICA'S LARGEST CITIES.....

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S ALL
FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE



JOHNNIE CHEK'S
"SYSTEM" WAS
TO GET HIS IN-
FORMATION FROM
EX-CONVICTS AND
OTHER UNDERWORLD
CHARACTERS WITH
WHOM HE WOULD
SPLIT AFTER EACH
"JOB". HE TALKS
TO HIS GANG....

THIS BAKERY JOB WILL BE
A CINCH... REMEMBER... IF WE
HAVE TO TALK TO EACH OTHER, ON
THE JOB... USE THE NAME
JOHN DOE... GET ME?



-- AND NO SHOOTING!.. WEAR GLOVES
SO'S NOT TO LEAVE FINGER-
PRINTS.. THEN WE USE A DIFFER-
ENT CAR ON EACH GETAWAY.. THIS
"SYSTEM" CAN'T FAIL... OKAY?
LET'S GO...!



IT WAS LUNCH-
HOUR AT THE
MIDWESTERN
BAKING CO....
THE CASHIER
WAS THE ONLY
EMPLOYEE IN
THE OFFICE...

ALL RIGHT MISTER..
GET OVER THERE
AND OPEN THAT
SAFE.. QUICK!

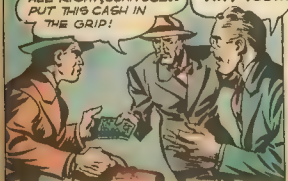
WHA...?
HEY.. YOU
WON'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!

GO ON
OPEN
IT UP!



ALL RIGHT, JOHN DOE..
PUT THIS CASH IN
THE GRIP!

WHY YOU...?



GANG BUSTERS

AS THE CASHIER
STAGGERS TO
THE REAR DOOR....



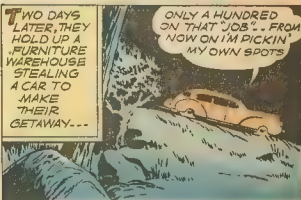
THE POLICE BROADCAST AN ALARM ON
THE BAKERY
CASHIER'S
INFORMATION..

-- DAYLIGHT
ROBBERY...
THESE MEN CALL
THEMSELVES THE
JOHN DOE
GANG!



TWO DAYS
LATER, THEY
HOLD UP A
FURNITURE
WAREHOUSE
STEALING
A CAR TO
MAKE
THEIR
GETAWAY...

ONLY A HUNDRED
ON THAT "JOB"... FROM
NOW ON I'M PICKIN'
MY OWN SPOTS



IN THREE MONTHS
TIME THE GANG
HAD COMMITTED
75 ROBBERIES,
ALL SMALL "JOBS",
BUT NOW THE
SUCCESS OF THE
"SYSTEM" GOES TO
JOHNNIE'S HEAD...
HE TALKS TO JOE
MEGGS, ONE OF
HIS "TIPOFF MEN"

LISTEN, MEGGS! THE LAST
JOB YOU TIPPED ME OFF TO WE
GET A MEAGLY SEVEN HUNDRED!
YOU DON'T GET A CUT...
YOU GET THIS!

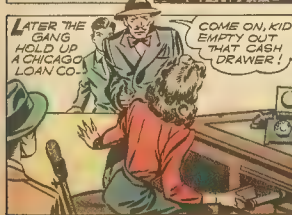


I'LL GET EVEN WITH
THAT RAT IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I EVER
DO!!!



LATER THE
GANG
HOLD UP
A CHICAGO
LOAN CO.

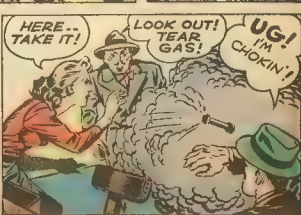
COME ON, KID
EMPTY OUT
THAT CASH
DRAWER!



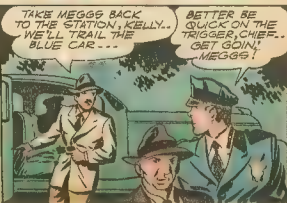
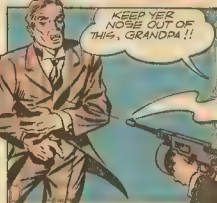
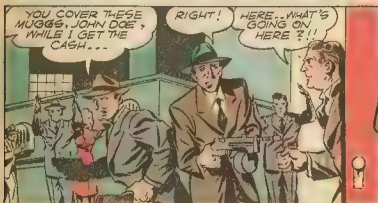
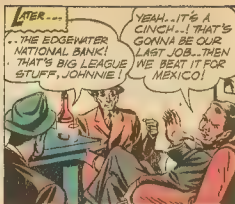
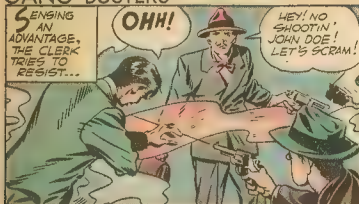
HERE..
TAKE IT!

LOOK OUT!
TEAR
GAS!

UG!
I'M
CHOKIN'!



GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS

AFTER
TRAILING
THE BLUE
GANG CAR
CAUTIOUSLY
CHIEF
WINSTON
FORCES
THEM TO THE
SIDE ON A
LONELY
ROAD ---

YOU MEN ARE
UNDER ARREST
FOR THE EDGEWATER
BANK HOLD-UP...

YOU GOT THE
WRONG GUYS.
COPPER... WE'RE
TRAVELING
SALESMEN!

TRAVELING SALESMEN! WELL,
I KNOW A CHAP WHO CAN
TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOU--
HIS NAME IS
JOE MEGGS!

JOE
MEGGS!

IN COOK COUNTY JAIL...
LOOK, MURPHY... I GOT
DOUGH--PLENTEY OF IT--
LET ME CRASH OUT OF
THIS BIRD-CAGE... THERE'S
TWO THOUSAND HIDDEN
IN MY HIDEOUT...

TWO
GRAND,
EH? UM...
YOU'RE ON,
WHERE'S
THIS
DOUGH
AT?

LATER...

OKAY, JOHNNIE...
DOWN THE LAUNDRY
STEPS... KEEP IN
CLOSE TO THE
WALL...

OUT OF
JAIL
JOHNNIE
CHEK
GOES
DIRECTLY
TO HIS
HIDEOUT...
BUT HE
DOES NOT
KNOW THAT
HE WAS
CLOSELY
WATCHED..

BOY--LOOK AT THE PRETTY
GREEN PICTURES!-- AND IT'S
ALL MINE-- I DON'T HAVE TO
SPLIT WITH MY PALS EITHER!
HOW CAN I? THEY'RE
IN JAIL! ---HA! HA!

THE COPS CAN GET THE
DUMBELLS... BUT THE
SMART GUYS, LIKE
ME CAN ALWAYS
FOOL THE COPS!

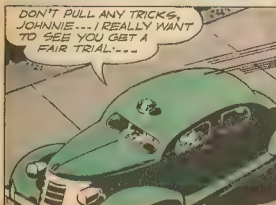
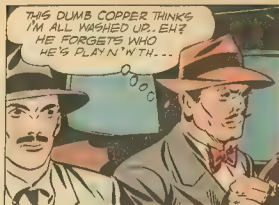
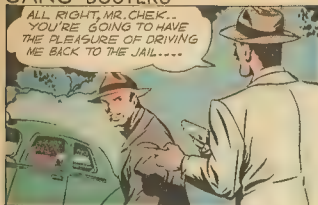
GOING SOMEWHERE,
JOHNNIE?

MURPHY!-- AN'
YOU TOOK MY
DOUGH, TOO!

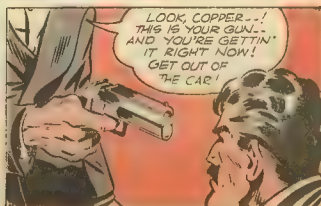
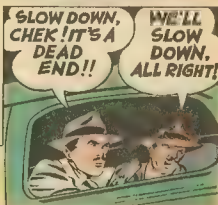
YES... AND I'LL
TAKE THE
REST OF IT!

TAKE THAT BACK TO
THE BANK,
MURPHY--I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
OUR FRIEND!

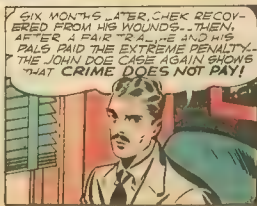
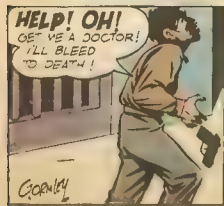
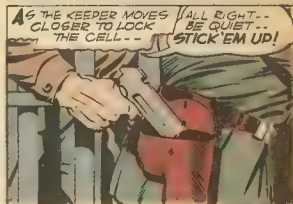
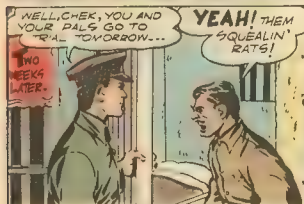
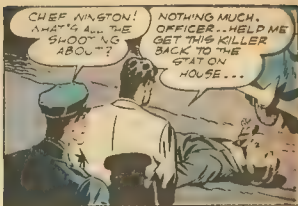
GANG BUSTERS



DESPERATE,
AND SEEKING
AN AVENUE
OF ESCAPE
JOHNNIE
CHEK
RECKLESSLY
DRIVES DOWN
A DEAD-END
DETOUR...



GANG BUSTERS



Gang BUSTERS

THE DAMBROSIO BROTHERS, IN THE TWO YEARS THAT THEY OPERATED, COMMITTED MORE THAN 200 ROBBERIES THAT NETTED OVER \$200,000 --- BUT THEY PULLED THE TRIGGERS ONCE TOO OFTEN...

OPR. 1942 BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.



BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE

ON THE PHILADELPHIA WATERFRONT, ONE FOG-BOUND NIGHT IN OCTOBER, 1939, PATROLMAN DWYER WALKS TOWARD TWO FURTIVE, DIMLY OUTLINED FIGURES...

JUST A MINUTE, YOU TWO FELLOWS... WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE AT THIS HOUR?

WE'RE DOCTORS... MAKING A CALL...



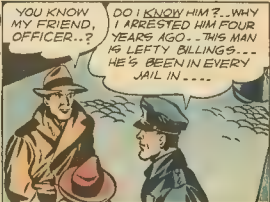
UNDER THE D.M. STREET LIGHT THE POLICEMAN RECOGNIZES ONE OF THE MEN...

SO... IT'S A DOCTOR YE ARE NOW!

YEAH... OH, HELLO, MR. DWYER... I WAS ONLY KIDDIN'... I'M OUT ON PAROLE...

YOU KNOW MY FRIEND, OFFICER...?

DO I KNOW HIM?... WHY I ARRESTED HIM FOUR YEARS AGO... THIS MAN IS LEFTY BILLINGS... HE'S BEEN IN EVERY JAIL IN...



...BUT BEFORE THE BRAVE OFFICER CAN FINISH...

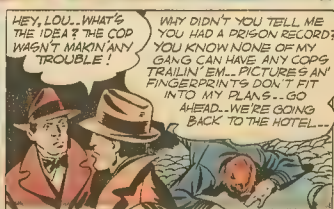
YOU MEAN... YOU KNEW HIM...!

BANG! BANG!

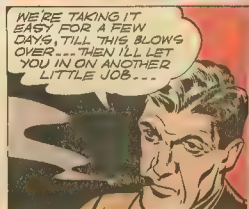
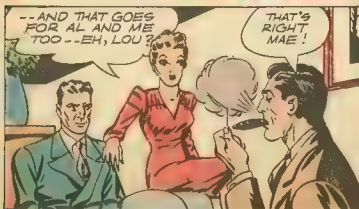
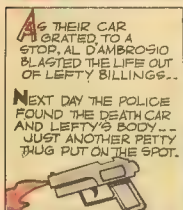
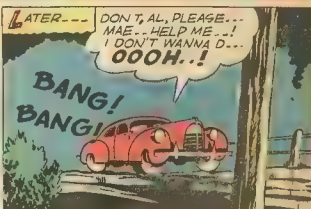
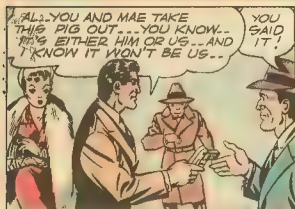
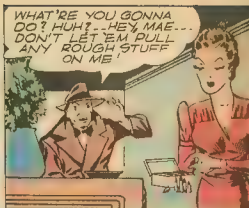
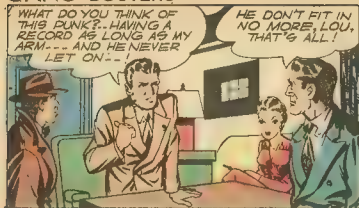


HEY, LOU... WHAT'S THE IDEA? THE COP WASN'T MAKIN' ANY TROUBLE!

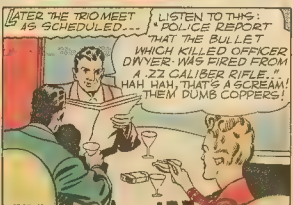
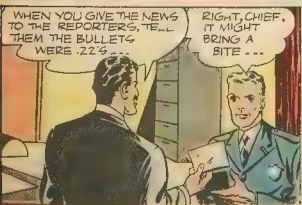
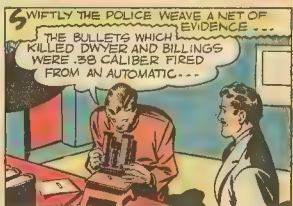
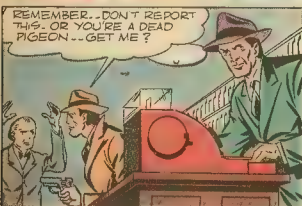
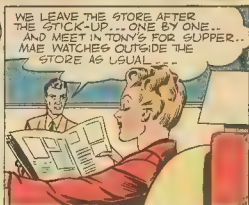
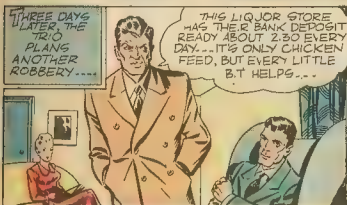
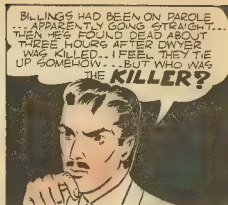
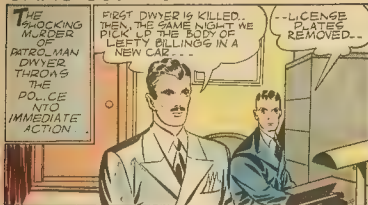
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU HAD A PRISON RECORD? YOU KNOW NONE OF MY GANG CAN HAVE ANY COPS TRAILIN' EM... PICTURES AN' FINGERPRINTS DON'T FIT INTO MY PLANS... GO AHEAD... WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL...



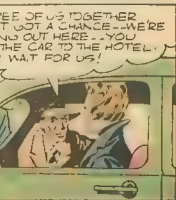
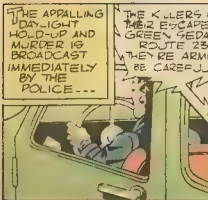
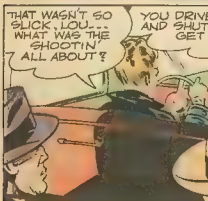
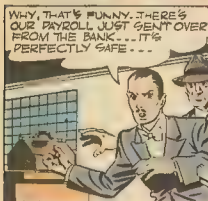
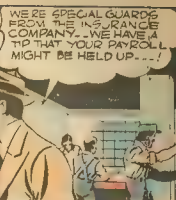
GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS

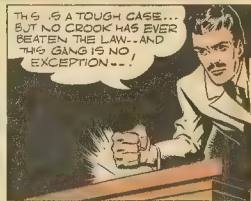
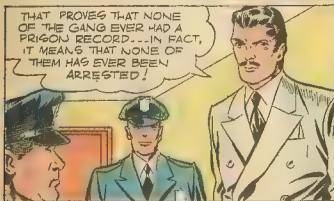
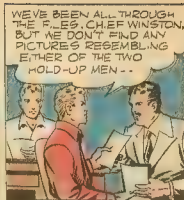
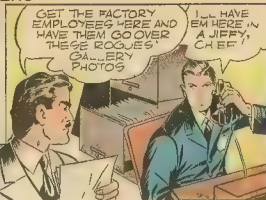


GANG BUSTERS

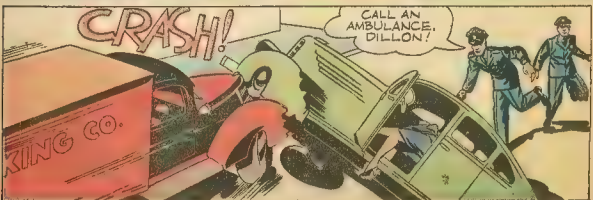
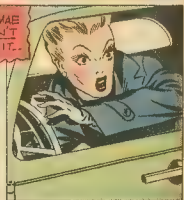
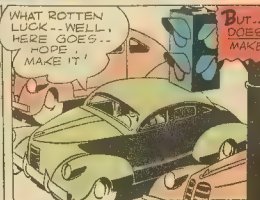


GANG BUSTERS

THE POLICE, BAFFLED BY LACK OF EVIDENCE ON THE FACTORY HOLD-UP, EXAMINE ALL CRIMINAL RECORDS IN THEIR FILES...



MAE D'AMBROSIO, HURRYING TO KEEP HER RENDEZVOUS AT THE HOTEL, REACHES A BUSY INTERSECTION IN DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA AND TRIES TO BEAT A TRAFFIC LIGHT...



GANG BUSTERS

MORTALLY INJURED. FOR TWO DAYS MAE LINGERS ON THE BRINK OF DEATH --- CHIEF WINSTON VAINLY TRIES TO QUESTION HER ---

WE FOUND OUT THAT THIS CAR WAS USED IN THE FACTORY HOLD-UP BUT I'M AFRAID SHE'LL DIE BEFORE WE CAN GET ANY INFORMATION OUT OF HER ---

LISTEN, CHIEF...

AL...LOU... HA HA...THAT'S A LAUGH...

WHAT'S A LAUGH ?..

SO IT WAS A .22...
HAH HAH...LOU...
LOU...ALWAYS USES
...A .38...ROOM
6010...FOREST HOTEL...
THOSE DUMB COPS...
HA...HA...HA...

JUST WHEN WE'RE DEPENDING ON HER ---

WAIT...THAT'S HER CALLING NOW I'LL BET ---

CITY HOSPITAL... SHE'S HURT...I'LL GO RIGHT OVER...YOU STAY HERE...WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL---

AS AL OPENS THE DOOR...

PUT 'EM UP, MURDERER!

COPPERS!

YOU RAT! HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

BANG! BANG!

UGH!

LOU DIES ON THE SPOT! THREE MONTHS LATER AL D'AMBROSIO GOES TO THE CHAIR AND MAE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HER LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY---

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

GANG BUSTERS

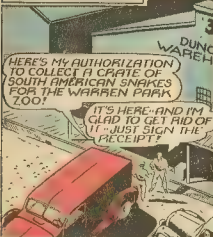
BASED ON
PHILLIP H. LORD'S
FAMOUS RADIO
FEATURE...

COPR., 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, N.C.

A CRATE OF POISONOUS
SNAKES PROVES DEADLY
LOOT FOR A BRUTAL
GANG OF LAW-DOGDERS!



A LIGHT TRUCK BACKS UP TO A
WAREHOUSE PIER...THE DRIVER
PRESENTS A NOTE...



HERE'S MY AUTHORIZATION
TO COLLECT A CRATE OF
SOUTH AMERICAN SNAKES
FOR THE WARREN PARK
ZOO!

IT'S HERE--AND I'M
GLAD TO GET RID OF
IT--JUST SIGN THE
RECEIPT!

IT'S A WONDER THEY LET
THESE POISONOUS REPTILES
INTO THE COUNTRY--IF THEY
SHOULD EVER GET LOOSE!

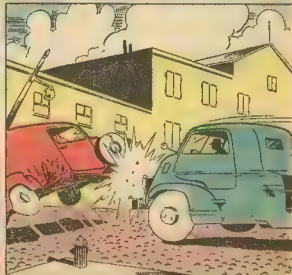
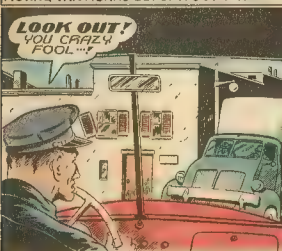


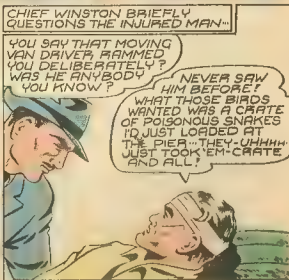
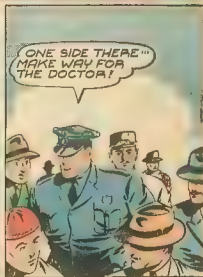
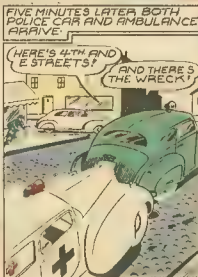
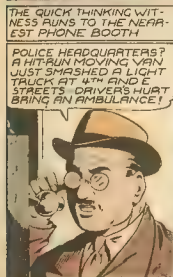
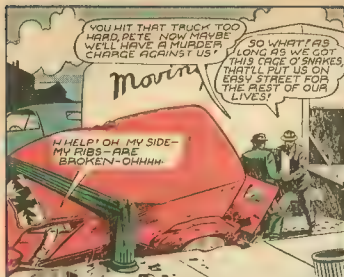
DON'T WORRY, THE
ZOO WILL TAKE
GOOD CARE OF 'EM--

I'M GLAD TO GET
RID OF THOSE
VIPERS--EVEN IF
THEY ARE
CAGED!



AS THE TRUCK LEAVES THE WAREFRONT, A
MOVING VAN ROARS OUT OF A SIDE STREET...





HUMPH! WHY ON EARTH WOULD ANYONE RISK A MURDER CHARGE TO STEAL A CRATE OF SNAKES. AND WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH 'EM?

IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, CHIEF--UNLESS HE WANTED TO SELL 'EM TO A SNAKE SHOW. THERE'S A CARNIVAL OUT ON NORTH BOULEVARD..



MURPHY..YOU MAY HAVE PUT A FINGER ON IT...I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE THAT CARNIVAL RIGHT NOW! JUST ON A HUNCH!

ALL RIGHT, SIR, I'LL ATTEND TO THINGS HERE.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CHIEF WINSTON PICKS UP THREE DETECTIVE OFFICERS

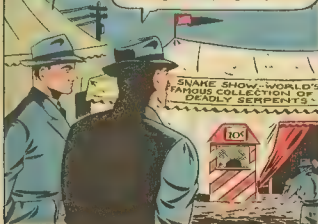
DRIVE TO THE CARNIVAL. THAT'S JUST OPENED ON NORTH BOULEVARD, KNOW WHERE IT IS, FRAZER?

YES SIR, LITTLE BEYOND THE OLD POST ROAD. BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES...



THERE'S THE PLACE, CHIEF!

WE'LL LOOK FOR A CRATE WITH A SOUTH AMERICAN STENCIL ON IT



WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR BACK ROOM, MISTER--MIND IF WE TAKE A LOOK?

YEAH, I MIND PLENTY! THAT ROOM'S STRICTLY PRIVAT--AND--



TELL US ABOUT IT LATER--I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT THAT NOISE IS!

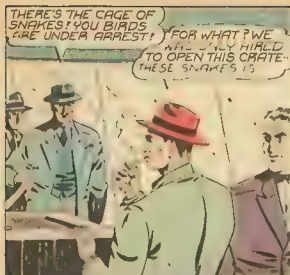
WATCH OUT PETE! IT'S THE BULLS!



NEVER MIND THE SACK, JINKS... GET READY TO DOUSE THE LIGHT!

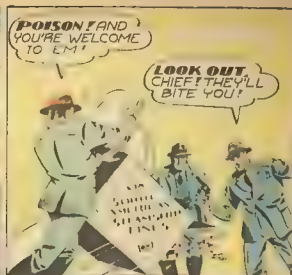
BUT THEY'LL SHOOT!





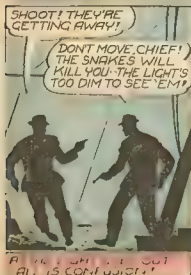
THERE'S THE CAGE OF SNAKES! YOU BIRDS ARE UNDER ARREST!

FOR WHAT? WE HAD TO OPEN THIS CRATE-- THESE SNAKES IS



POISON! AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO EM!

LOOK OUT, CHIEF! THEY'LL BITE YOU!



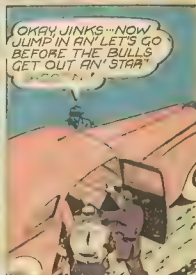
SHOOT! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

DON'T MOVE, CHIEF! THE SNAKES WILL KILL YOU--THE LIGHT'S TOO DIM TO SEE 'EM!

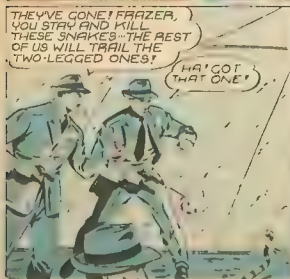


YOU'LL OKAY JINKS

YEAH, BEAT FOR THE CAR, PETE-- YOU'RE DRIVIN'!

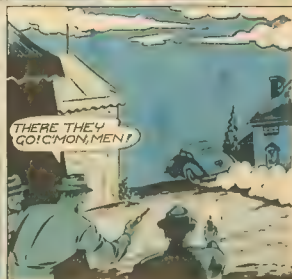


OKAY JINKS--NOW JUMP IN AN' LET'S GO BEFORE THE BULLS GET OUT AN' STAR'!



THEY'VE GONE! FRAZER, YOU STAY AND KILL THESE SNAKES--THE REST OF US WILL TRAIL THE TWO-LEGGED ONES!

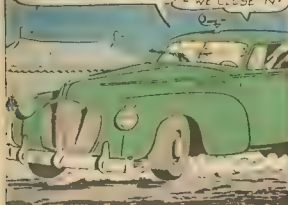
HA! GOT THAT ONE!



THERE THEY GO! COMON, MEN!

CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS MEN GET INTO THE A SQUAD CAR AND GIVE CHASE

IT'S GOING TO BE A TUGH CHASE. THAT GANG HAS A FAST CAR. AND THEY'LL PROBABLY SHOOT AT US. WE'VE GOT TO CLOSE IN!



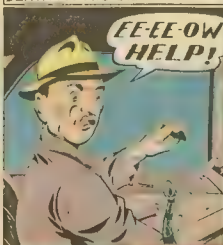
THE CHASE TURNS INTO A RUNNING GUN FIGHT WITH THE POLICE CLOSING IN!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY CRATE A SNAKE'S HEAD APPEARS



THE TERRIFIED DRIVER SEES DEATH AT HIS SIDE —!!



THE SNAKE'S FANGS SNK DEEP INTO THE DOOMED MAN'S HAND!

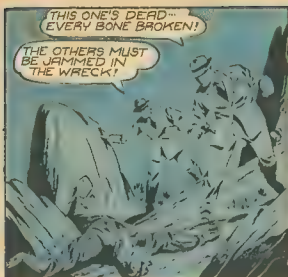


OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR CRASHES THE ROAD AND



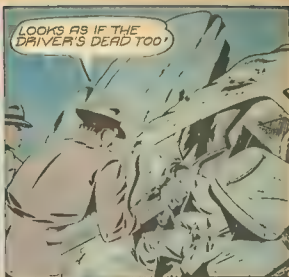
SMASHES DOWN THE ROCKY SLOPE FAR BELOW!





THIS ONE'S DEAD...
EVERY BONE BROKEN!

THE OTHERS MUST
BE JAMMED IN
THE WRECK!



LOOKS AS IF THE
DRIVER'S DEAD TOO!

OUT OF THE CRUMPLED
CAR SLITHERS THE DEADLY
SNAKE STRAIGHT AT
CHIEF WINSLOW!



HUH! WHAT IS LIKE TO
KNOW IS THE REASON
FOR TAKING ALONG THE
EMPTY CRATE. THEY
PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW
THAT ONE SNAKE WAS
STILL INSIDE....



YEP A TAP
PROOF THAT
A ME... COULDN'T
GET IN!



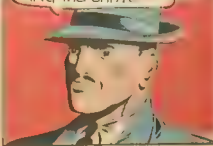
LOOK HERE BOYS!
THIS IS THE
ANSWER... **JEWELS!**

THE CLEVEREST SMUGGLING TRICK
I'VE EVER SEEN--THE JEWELS
WERE HIDDEN IN A HOLLOW STICK
OF THE FRAMEWORK WHEN THE
CRATE WAS BUILT IN SOUTH AMER
CA. THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY
SAFE FROM DISCOVERY.



YEAH NO CUSTOMS
OFFICER WOULD
POKE AROUND A
CRATE FULL OF
POISONOUS
SNAKES!

THESE CROOKS MUST'VE
KNOWN JUST WHEN THE
SHIPMENT WOULD ARRIVE
THEY ROBBED THE TRUCK
BECAUSE IT WAS EASIER
THAN THE WAREHOUSE...
AND THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN
AWAY WITH IT IF WE
HADN'T CAUGHT 'EM OPEN
ING THE CRATE!

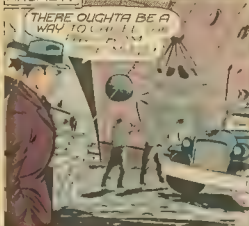


Gang BUSTERS

DATA

TONY GORIO, A WATER-FRONT THUG, TAKES A SHORT CUT TO LAWLESS RICHES HE CAUSE D BLOOD TO FLOW LIKE WATER ON THE CITY DOCKS TILL THE LAW CAUGHT HIM-AS IT ALWAYS DOES

TONY GORIO SPAWN OF CITY SLUMS WATCHES STEVEDORES AT WORK AND SEES A CHANCE FOR A NEW PACKET!

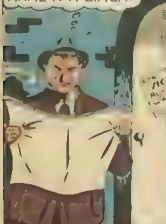


THERE OUGHTA BE A WAY TO CHEAT!

WUXTRY!
WE'LL CATCH
IN ONE
OF NCH!



SO WE'VE HAD THE
MINDS ON ONE
AT WAR--THIS'LL
MAKE IT A CINCH!



TONY GORIO GETS HIS
MOB TOGETHER

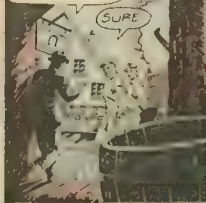
Y'SEE-WE HOLD UP THE
STEVEDORES OF EACH
UNION AND LET 'EM
BLAME IT ON EACH
OTHER..OK?

DAT'S A
SMART ANGLE!
WE'RE WID YA!



NEXT PAY DAY--A COUPLE OF
STEVEDORES PASS AN EMPTY
VERY TABLE

HEY, BUD! YA
GOTTA MATCH?



SURE



?

WHY Y'OLL
CHEAP BUMS?!



RATS--ARRAGH!



Thus is what happens to Ace Union Men.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HIMSELF APPEARS WITH THE POLICE

UNION TROUBLE! THIS KILLING IS LIABLE TO LEAD TO A BAD DOCK WARFARE!



THE WILEY GORIO APPEARS BEFORE PETE HANSON THE HEAD OF THE ACE UNION...

LOOK! THE MARINE UNION BUMPS OFF TWO OF YOUR GUYS OK PAY ME 500 BUCKS A WEEK AND MY MOB WILL DO SOME GORILLA WORK FOR YOU!

I DIDN'T THINK TOM CARSON OF MAR NE IN ON WENT IN FOR KILLING BUT HE D'D SO YOU'RE HIRED!



THAT NIGHT TONY SIGHT TO WORK



OK DESE ARE MARINE UNION MEN - LET 'EM HAVE IT!

IT'S THAT SKUNK TONY GORIO!

I'LL FIGHT 'EM KNOW!



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO BLAB MY NAME!

GORIO PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD - HE GOES TO TOM CARSON, THE HEAD OF MARINE UNION AND OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

IT'S A DIRTY BUSINESS I DIDN'T THINK HANSON WOULD DO MURDER! GO AHEAD YOU'RE HIRED!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME AND MY MOB WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ACE UNION MEN!



HA-HA! WE'RE WORKIN' FOR BOTH SIDES AT ONCE AND DEY DON'T KNOW IT! WE KIN DO NOT WE WANT AND THE POLICE WILL BLAME THE UNIONS!



INCITED BY THE KILLINGS OF THE WATER-FRONT GANG, THE RIVAL UNIONS BREAK INTO UPROARIOUS WATER-FRONT FIGHTS

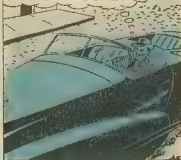


THERE'S SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST RIVAL UNIONISM BEHIND THIS - AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



TONY GORIO ATTAINS HIS LIFE'S AMBITION TO BE A 'BIG SHOT'

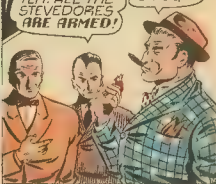
WHAT A CINCH! ONLY THE UNION HEADS KNOW I'M BEHIND THE KILLINGS AN' THEY'RE AFRAID TO BLAB!



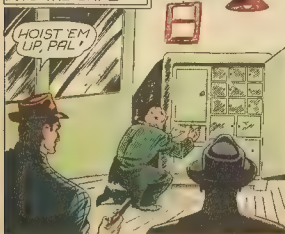
CEE-PICKIN'S IS SLIM, TONY.

YEAH? OK, BOYS. THEN WE'LL MOVE INTO BIGGER DOUGH!

YEH! ALL THE STEVEDORES ARE ARMED!



THAT NIGHT - AS PETE HANSON PUTS THE ACE UNION DUES INTO THE SAFE -



HOIST 'EM UP, PAL!

GORIO! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT - !!





HA! DEAD MEN
TELL NO TALES!

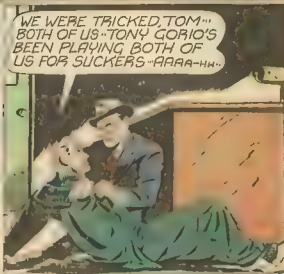


(GEE, TONY--THERE
MUST BE FIFTY
GRAND HERE!)

...AT... HO, D
...FOR



GREAT SCOTT!
IT LOOKS LIKE
A HOLDUP!



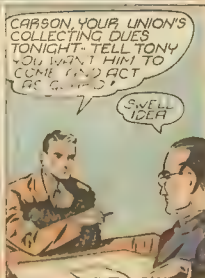
WE WERE TRICKED, TOM--
BOTH OF US--TONY GORIO'S
BEEN PLAYING BOTH OF
US FOR SUCKERS--AAAA--HH--



YES, DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
WE HIRED GORIO TO DO
SOME ROUGHING UP TO
DID HANCOY--GORIO'S
BEEN PLAYING BOTH
SIDES AND MILLING
ON HIS OWN
HOOK!



A CROOK CAN'T
RESIST SHOWING
OFF--WE'LL CATCH
TONY RED-HANDED!
WE'LL SET SOME
FAT BAIT FOR HIM!



CARSON, YOUR UNION'S
COLLECTING DUES
TONIGHT--TELL TONY
YOU WANT HIM TO
COME AND ACT
AS GUEST!

SWELL
IDEA

CARSON CALLS GORIO TO HIS OFFICE

WE'RE COLLECTING DUE'S TONIGHT AND I WANT YOU TO STICK AROUND AND GUARD THE MONEY

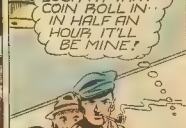
SURE, BOSS



HO! HO! WHAT A SET-UP! HE WANTS US TO GUARD HIS DOUGH-WE'LL CLEAN UP, SCRAM TO CHI, AN' START THE SAME RACKET AGAIN!

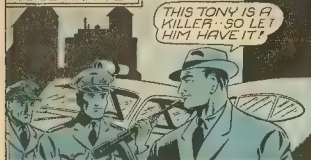


LOOK AT THAT COIN ROLL IN.. IN HALF AN HOUR IT'LL BE MINE!



BUT THE LAW IS CLOSING IN OUTSIDE, THE D.A. AND THE POLICE ARRIVE...

THIS TONY IS A KILLER... SO LET HIM HAVE IT!



IN THE INNER OFFICE, CARSON PUTS THE MONEY INTO THE SAFE

GUESS EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW, TONY!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! STICK 'EM UP!



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT.. GUNS BLAZE!



HEY! WHY YOU.



"RIGHT,
ONLY WE'VE
GOT YOU!"

CARSON ESCAPES...
AND THE POLICE
CLOSE IN ON GORIO!



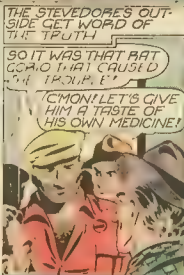
YEAH? Y'DON'T
TAKE A BIG SHOT
DAT EASY! COME
AN' GET ME!



D-DON'T
SHOOT! WE
QUIT



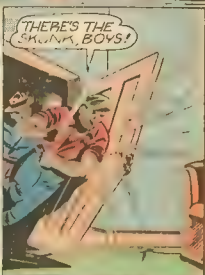
YA YELLOW
RATS!



THE STEVEDORES' OUT-
SIDE GET WORD OF
THE TRUTH

SO IT WAS THAT RAT
GORIO THAT CAUSED
THE TROUBLE!

'CMON! LET'S GIVE
HIM A TASTE OF
HIS OWN MEDICINE!



THERE'S THE
SKUNK, BOYS!



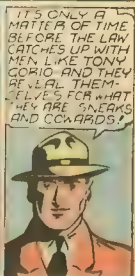
AT THE SIGHT OF THE
DETERMINED MEN,
TONY GORIO LOSES
HIS NERVE—HIS
GUN WAVERS...



D-DON'T!
PLEASE
DON'T KILL
ME!

YOU SNVEL
COWARDLY
SNAKE!

HOLD IT!
WE'VE HAD
ENOUGH
MURDERS!



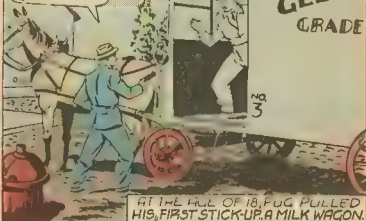
IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THE LAW
CATCHES UP WITH
MEN LIKE TONY
GORIO AND THEY
REVEAL THEM-
SELVES FOR WHAT
THEY ARE SNEAKS
AND COWARDS!

GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S
ALL-FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE
COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.
THE SEA GULL GANG!

MUG MILLER, LEADER OF THE SEA GULLS, THOUGHT HE SAW THE GOLDEN GATES OF WEALTH THROUGH A CAREER OF CRIME—BUT THE GATES LED... TO PRISON!

O.K. GUY! STICK 'EM UP AND HAND IT OVER, OR ELSE!



AT THE AGE OF 18, PUG PULLED HIS FIRST STICK-UP, A MILK WAGON.

PUG DISPLAYS HIS SUDDEN WEALTH TO HIS PALS

LOOKIT 'THIRTY FIVE BUCKS, AND THE GUN I USED WAS A FAKE! WE'LL START A GANG AND CLEAN UP!

CEE THIRTY FIVE BUCKS! OK PUG, WE'RE WID YA



THE SEA GULLS, AS THE GANG CALLED THEMSELVES, BECAME THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

THAT EXPRESS TRUCK, BOYS! GRAB ALL THE SMALL PACKAGES!



WHAT TH HEY, YOU KIDS!

KIDS, HEY! I'LL FIX DIS MUG!



THIS TIME THE GUN WAS REAL!



GEE, PUG! YOU CROAKED A GUY!

SO WOT? NOW WE'RE GETTIN' INTO **BIG TIME!** NO MORE SMALL STUFF, I GOTTA IDEA FOR BIG DOUGH!



THAT NIGHT--A HUGE TRANSPORT
TRUCK LOADED WITH COCAINE--
LABORS UP THE HILL TOWARD
MOUNTAIN CITY.



THE SEA GULLS START OUT
TO HAVE BE DOUGH!



OVER MY
DEAD BODY!



COME ON!
WAT WAY!
WAT WAY!



THE GANG LOAD THE
LOGS ON THEIR OWN
TRUCK!



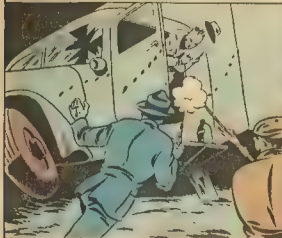
FAGAN AN UNDERWORLD FENCE
IS A READY CUSTOMER FOR THE
STOLEN GOODS---



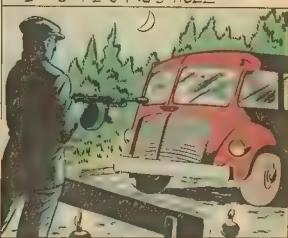
THE SEA GULLS LEARN HOW
TO SPEND THEIR MONEY---



FROM THEN ON, A REIGN OF TERROR
SWEEP ALONG THE NIGHT ROADS---



EVEN PASSENGER BUSES FELL
PREY TO THE GANGS RULE ---



ALL RIGHT, SUCKERS!
TURN OUT YOUR
POCKETS.



I'M NOT GOING TO LET
'EM GET AWAY
WITH THIS S.S.---



YOU SAID
SISTER!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL
KILL ME! BECAUSE
I'LL NEVER REST
TILL THE POLICE
GET YOU--YOU
MURDERER!



YOU'RE LUCKY,
DON'T CROAK
YOU, TOO.



CHIEF WINSTON OF MIDLAND CITY CALLS A CONFERENCE-- THAT KILLER MUST BE CAUGHT-- THERE'S NOT A ROAD IN THE STATE THAT'S FREE FROM DANGER--

DUGS CRYAL-- ESO URGES HIM TO GREATER CRIMES-- LOOKIT THIS PICTURE OF THE SILVER HAWK-- THE CRACK TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAIN-- IT'S TAKING A SHIPMENT OF GOLD FROM MIDLAND CITY!

WHY NOT? JESSE JAMES DID IT! AND IM AS BIG A SHOT AS HIM!

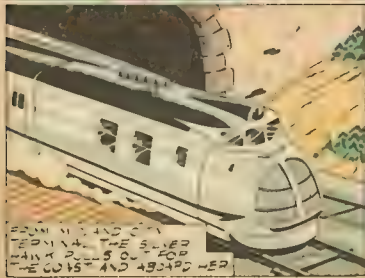
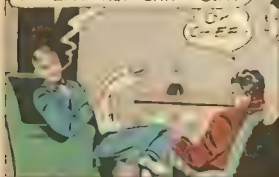


GEE! YA MEAN TO HOLD UP A WHOLE TRAIN?



YOU GUYS BLOW UP THE CANYON WALLS AT SNAKE PASS. THE TRAIN WILL STOP! I'LL BE A PASSENGER AND SOFTEN UP THE CREW OF THE BAGGAGE CAR-- O.K?

AT THE NARROW DEFILE AT SNAKE PASS DUGS MEN SET THE CHARGE OF DYNAMITE--



THE HEAD OF THE SEA GULL CAME

THIS OUGHTA BE A CINCH.



FROM MIDLAND CITY
TODAY THE SILVER
HAWK DUGS OUT FOR
THE COAST AND ABOUT HER

BUT A CROOK'S PAST
ALWAYS REACHES
OUT FOR HIM! ACROSS
THE AISLE'S THE G.R.
WHOSE BROTHER
PUG MURDERED!

AM SURE! 'T'S PUG
MILLER, THE
GANGSTER!

THE SILVER HAWK HAS
RADIOED THAT PUG MILLER
IS A PASSENGER!

ALL RIGHT...
WE HAVE A SHORT
WAVE RADIO ABOARD
-- NOTIFY CHIEF
WILSON

THE GULLS ARE OUT
AFTER THAT GOLD...
RADIO THE TRAIN TO
STOP AT WATER
JUNCTION--

IT'S HIM! I
KNOW HIM ANY-
WHERE!

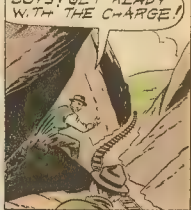
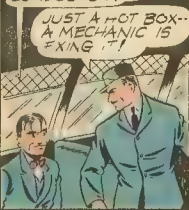
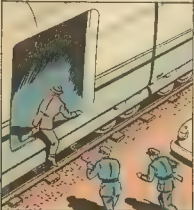


AT WATER JUNCTION, THE
TRAIN COMES TO A STOP.
THE POLICE QUIETLY
BOARD THE TRAIN.

FOR A MOMENT PUG
GETS SUSPICIOUS---
WHAT HAPPENED,
CONDUCTOR?

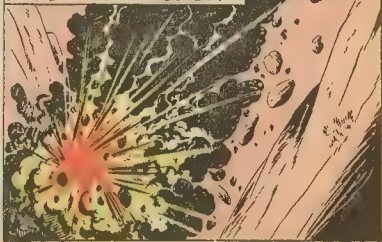
AT SNAKE
PASS---

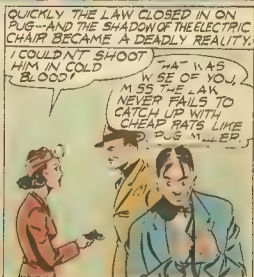
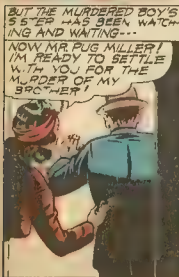
HERE SHE COMES
BOYS! GET READY
WITH THE CHARGE!



ON THE TRAIN, PUG
SAUNTERS TOWARD THE
BAGGAGE CAR--

THE CHARGE GOES OFF!
SNAKE PASS IS BLOCKED!





GANG BUSTERS

CODE 245 BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

BASED ON THE FAMOUS
PHILLIPS H. LORD RADIO
FEATURE

S. K. SPANELLA OUTLINES A NEW RACKET TO HIS MOB.

DE HOUSES MARKED WID
RED 'AK' S DO SON SO
SKIP 'EM. WARDENS OR
UDDER GUYS IN CIVILIAN
DEFENCE LIVE DERE.

WE GIVES
DE WOKS
TO DE REST!



WHEN YER RING A BELL
STICK A BAND ON YER
ARM AND ACT OFFICIAL.



MRS. MALONE HAS A CALLER...

BUT TH'S BLACKOUT
PROTECTIVE SOCIETY,
I NEVER HEARD OF IT!

JUST KICK IN WID
FIVE BUCKS AN'
YER DON'T HAVE
TER WORRY NONE.



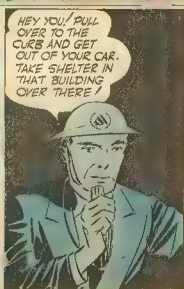
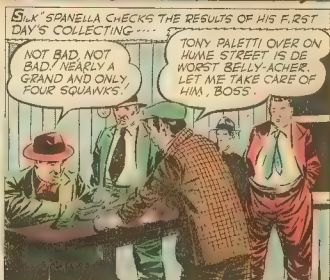
WELL, ALL RIGHT,
BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW BLACK-
OUTS WERE SO
DANGEROUS.

YER A K SE DAME LADY
WONT BE DANGEROUS
FER YOU AS LONG AS YER
A MEMBER OF DE
SOCIETY.



EASY PICKIN'S!
BOY, IS DIS A
RACKET!

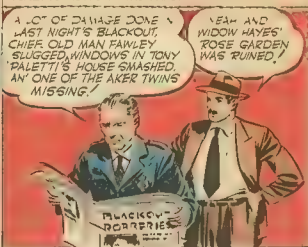




SINISTER SHADOWS MOVE ABOUT IN THE PROTECTED BLACKNESS



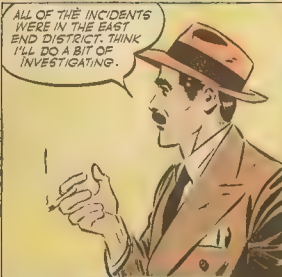
NEXT MORNING, CHIEF WINSTON SEES SOME DISTURBING NEWS IN THE PAPER



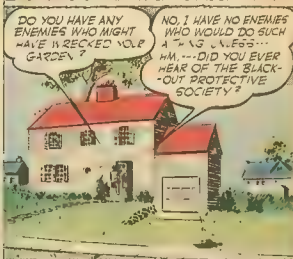
A LOT OF DAMAGE DONE LAST NIGHT'S BLACKOUT. CHIEF. OLD MAN FAWLEY SLUGGED WINDOWS IN TONY PALETTI'S HOUSE SMASHED. AN' ONE OF THE AKER TWINS MISSING!

YEAH AND WIDOW HAYES' ROSE GARDEN WAS RUINED!

ALL OF THE INCIDENTS WERE IN THE EAST END DISTRICT. THINK I'LL DO A BIT OF INVESTIGATING.



CHIEF WINSTON PAYS A VISIT TO WIDOW HAYES



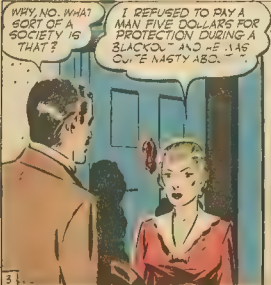
DO YOU HAVE ANY ENEMIES WHO MIGHT HAVE WRECKED YOUR GARDEN?

NO, I HAVE NO ENEMIES WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING... HMM...

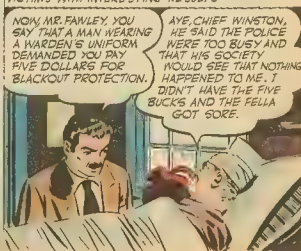
...DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE BLACK-OUT PROTECTIVE SOCIETY?

WHY, NO. WHAT SORT OF A SOCIETY IS THAT?

I REFUSED TO PAY A MAN FIVE DOLLARS FOR PROTECTION DURING A BLACKOUT AND HE WAS QUITE NASTY ABOUT IT.



ACTING ON THE TIP FURNISHED BY A DON HAYES CHIEF WINSTON CALLS ON THE OTHER BLACKOUT VICTIMS WITH INTERESTING RESULTS...



NOW, MR. FAWLEY, YOU SAY THAT A MAN WEARING A WARDEN'S UNIFORM DEMANDED YOU PAY FIVE DOLLARS FOR BLACKOUT PROTECTION.

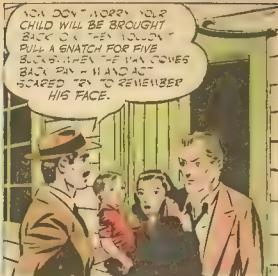
AYE, CHIEF WINSTON, HE SAID THE POLICE WERE TOO BUSY AND THAT HIS SOCIETY WOULD SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENED TO ME. I DIDN'T HAVE THE FIVE BUCKS AND THE FELLA GOT SORE.

THE AKER HOUSEHOLD IS GREATLY UPSET OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ONE OF THE TWINS.



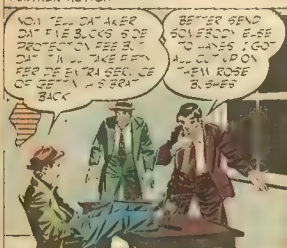
I SPOKE NO, TOO, REFUSED TO SUBSCRIBE TO BLACKOUT PROTECTION.

YES, HOW DID YOU KNOW I REFUSED TO SAY ANYTHING TO ANYBODY ABOUT IT BECAUSE MAYBE IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH...



YOU DON'T WORRY, YOUR CHILD WILL BE BROUGHT BACK OK. THEN YOU'D PULL A SNATCH FOR FIVE BLOCKS WHEN THE MAN COMES BACK. PAN - HAND ACT SCARED TRY TO REMEMBER HIS FACE.

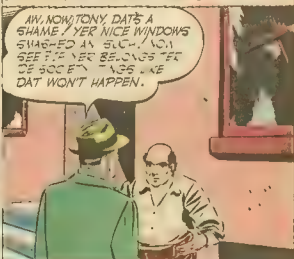
MEANWHILE, SILK AND HIS MOB PREPARE FOR FURTHER ACTION----



YOU TELL DAT AKER DAT FIVE BLOCKS GIVE PROTECTION FEE BUT DAT "KILL TAKE FEE" FEE DE EXTRA SEC. OF GEFAN - S BRAT BACK

BETTER SEND SOMEbody ELSE TO LINES I GOT ALL CUT UP ON THEM ROSE B-SHES

TONY PALETT ALSO HAS A STORY----



AW, NOW, TONY, DAT'S A SHAME, YER NICE WINDOWS SHAGGED AN SUCH, YOU SEE IT'S YER BELONGS TER DE SOCIETY TAGS LIKE DAT WON'T HAPPEN.



EVERYBODY'S KICKED IN NOW BUT TONY PALETT! HE NEEDS ANOTHER TREATMENT BOSS

COL. DAMON, DIRECTOR OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE HAS AN UNEXPECTED CALLER----



ANY OF COURSE CHEF A NATION WANT TO CO-OPERATE WITH YOU BUT ANOTHER BLACKOUT SO SOON IS -ER- QUITE IRREGULAR!

THE EXERCISE WILL NOT HURT YOUR WARDENS ANY, COLONEL, AND I THINK IT WILL PROVE PROFITABLE TO CIVILIAN WELFARE.

LATER, 'S.K.' SPANELLA IS TIPPED OFF ...

MY ASSAS AHEAD AT
SENIOR WARDEN MACY'S
HOUSE, JUST PHONED
ME THAT THERE IS
GONNA BE ANOTHER
BLACKOUT AT NINE!

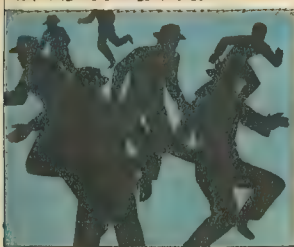
FINE CASE
PALETTI'S JOINT AN'
GET READY
TER GIVE
HIM LESSON
NO. TWO!



JUST BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK SEVERAL QUESTIONABLE
CHARACTERS HAPPEN TO BE IN FRONT OF TONY
PALETTI'S HOME



AT NINE O'CLOCK, WALLING'S RENS ANNOUNCE AN
ALERT AND THE CITY BLACKS OUT



O.K. NOW, SPIKE,
WE BARGE
RIGHT IN AN'
WRECK DE
JOINT!

TWO OF THE BOYS HAVE
GONE AROUND BACK IN
CASE TONY TRIES TO
SCRAM.



WHO DAT?
SOMEBODY
BUST N'
WHATA
YOU WANT?



OUCH! WHO
KCKED ME?

SHUT UP!
YOU'LL
CRAB DE..!

O.K., LIGHTS, CASEY
TWO RATS IN THIS
TRAP AND THE REST
SHOULD BE ON ICE
OUTSIDE!



FIVE OF 'SILK' SPANELLA'S MOB ARE CAUGHT
RED-HANDED!

HA! YOU GETTA
FEEX NOW!

PIPE DOWN, TONY.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT THESE
MUGS ANYMORE.



HEY, TURN
OUT THESE
LIGHTS!

TAKE IT EASY, JOE, WE PUT
ON THOSE LIGHTS AN' THE
ALERT IS ALL OVER ANYWAY



O.K, COPPERS, I'LL
GO ALONG BUT YER
AIN'T GOT NUTTING
ON ME, SEE?

THAT'S FOR THE
CHIEF TO SAY,
BIG SHOT. GET
GOIN'!



NICE PACK
OF WOLVES,
I MUST SAY!
HOW ABOUT
YOU, SILK?

YE'RE NUTS, CHIEF! JES' CAUSE
ME BOYS WAS OUT DURIN' A
BLACKOUT YER TINK DEY'RE
UP TO SUMPIN'!



SILK, YOU'RE WASHED UP! THIS FIFTY,
JUST TAKEN FROM YOUR WALLET, WAS
MARKED BY ME, AND PLANTED WITH
FRED AKER. ONE OF YOUR BOYS WAS
THE COLLECTOR AND HE TOLD WHERE
YOU HID THE KID.



SO YOU BUSTED
THE 'BLACKOUT
RACKET, EH CHIEF?

YES, FRANK, YOU CAN PRINT
IN YOUR PAPER THAT THE
OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE
AND THE POLICE WILL
PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY
AND ANYONE SELLING
PROTECTION SHOULD BE
REPORTED!



"THE SILK HAT GANG"

GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON
PHILIP H. LORD'S
FAMOUS RADIO
FEATURE...

COPY, 1942, BY PHILIP H. LORD, INC.

-----LED BY SPARKIE TRAVERS,
SNEAK THIEF AND GANGSTER,
WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT
THE LAW. HE DID, FOR AWHILE--
---BUT SOONER OR LATER, THE
LAW CATCHES UP WITH THEM!



WHILE STANDING
OUTSIDE OF
A FASHIONABLE
NIGHT CLUB
SPARKIE TRAVERS
SEES AN
EASY
SHORT CUT
TO
RICHES---

LOOK AT THE ICE ON
THOSE DAMES. I GOT
HARDER DOUGH, WE'LL GET
FLASH LILY IN ON IT!



BLUE PENCIL



NEXT EVENING
--- SPARKIE
DRESSES
HIMSELF, GYP
AND
FLASH LILY,
HIS
GUN MOLL,
IN
EVENING
CLOTHES.

GYP, YOU FOLLOW
US IN THE CAR
PULL THE JOB!

WE OUGHT TO
COME BACK
AND GET THE
ICE!

OK!



OK, LIL, WE'LL
TAKE THESE TWO!



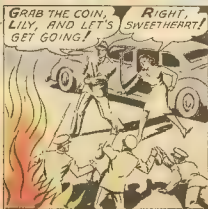
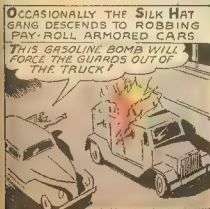
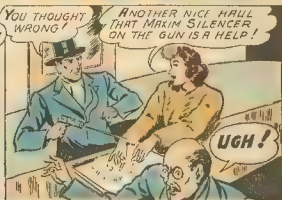
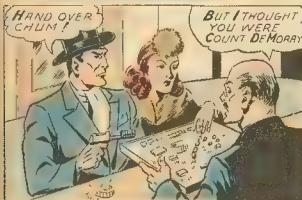
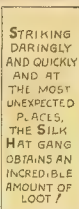
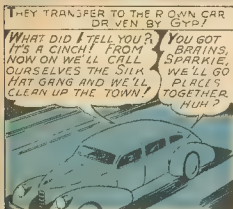
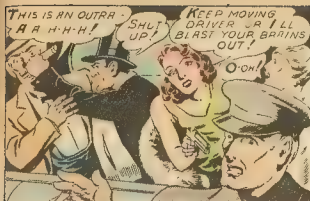
EXCUSE ME-- BUT
HAVE YOU A "GHT"
OLD CHAP?

WELL, CERTAINLY!



WE'RE TAKING YOU FOR A LITTLE
RIDE, CHUM. GET INTO THE CAR
AND DON'T OPEN YOUR YAP!

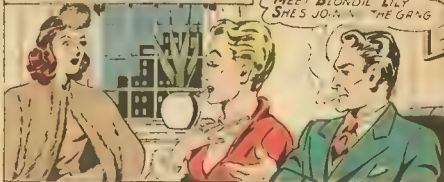




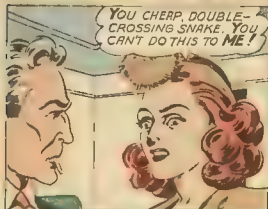
IT LOOKS AS IF THE
SILK HAT GANG
HAS OUTWITTED
THE POLICE AT
EVERY TURN-- BUT
SOONER OR LATER
THERE IS A SLIP
-- ONE DAY LILY
COMES HOME
AND FINDS--

--THAT SPARKIE HAS T.I.R.E.D OF HER!

MEET BLONDIE LILY
SHE'S JOINING THE GANG



YOU CHERP, DOUBLE-
CROSSING SNAKE. YOU
CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



W... SAYS
I CAN'T!



THAT'S WHAT I
WANT! BOSS
SHE'S OUT COLD!

THAT'S OK WITH ME
WE GOT A BIG JOB ON
TONIGHT WE'LL TAKE
BLONDIE WITH US



WE'LL BE CLEAN
THE TILL OF THE OPERA
BOX OFFICE! IT'LL BE
LOADED WITH DOUGH!

GEE
SPARKIE
THAT'S PRETTY
RISKY!



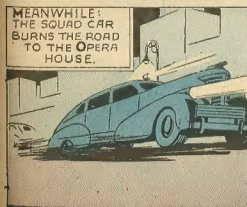
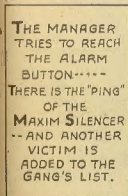
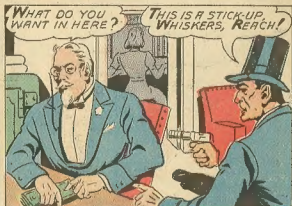
LILY COMES TO AND HEARS THE PLAN

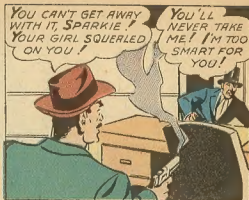


WHEN THE
GANG HAS
GONE, LILY--
MAD WITH
JEALOUSY,
CALLS UP
CHIEF
WINSTON'S
OFFICE

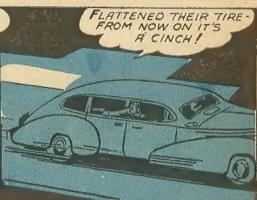
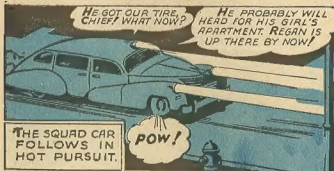
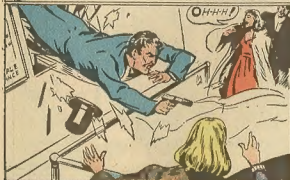
HELLO, CHIEF WINSTON?
HERE'S A HOT TIP. THE
SILK HAT GANG ARE ON
THE WAY TO HOLD UP
THE INTERPOLITAN
BOX OFFICE!







SPARKIE MAKES A DIVE THROUGH THE BOX OFFICE WINDOW INTO THE LOBBY.



NEAR THE HIDEOUT, SPARKIE KILLS THE CHAUFFEUR IN COLD BLOOD.





